

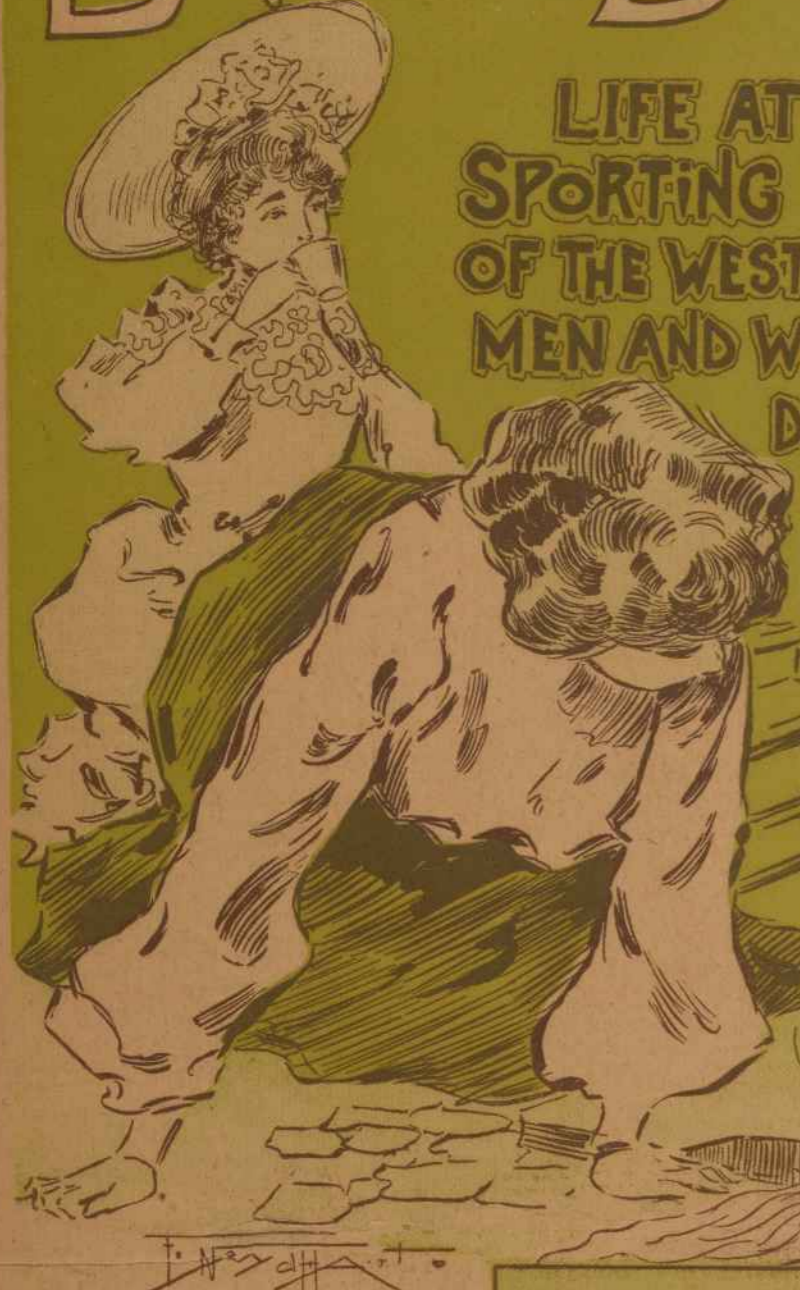
THE HOOSIER BADEN-BADEN

LIFE AT THE
SPORTING SPA
OF THE WEST WHERE
MEN AND WOMEN

DRINK THE WATERS
AND GAMBLE
SIDE BY SIDE



EVENING PLAY
AT THE
CLUB HOUSE



West Baden, Ind.
DOUAGHI What a horrid odor the water has! I suppose, though, it is like whiskey, and it is imbibed not so much for the taste as for the effect. There remains no doubt in my mind that the water is efficacious. Whatever its results may be in the treatment of disease, it certainly is powerful—to the nose, to the palate and to the body.

There is a general superstition that a person who has taken a course of the waters would be sickened by a glass of whiskey. I have found no evidence on that point here, as all those I have met have eschewed either the water or the whiskey. There seems to be less liquor drunk here than in any other American resort, not excepting total Astor Park and prohibition Old Orchard Beach.

Men really do come here for the waters and West Baden really is to the Middle West what Saratoga should be—and is not—to the East. The quantity of fluid consumed is something fearful and wonderful in the eyes of the new arrival.

Everybody seems to wish to get cured, whether he needs it or not. When I landed here I had a long consultation with an amiable hotel clerk, who advised me to go to spring No. 7 in the morning, before breakfast, and to drink at least four glasses of water, and to take a few turns around the track and then to eat. He also confided to me that he himself took mud baths to soak out the nicotine.

Of course I followed instructions. I reached the spring bright and early, but I found that others were already there, and I watched with interest what I assumed to be a practical joke that two men were trying to play on a pretty girl.

Beauty Bath.

The spring is in a little hollow enclosed by a building. The limpid water comes bubbling up through the centre of a limestone basin, flows into another basin and then out into the ground.

"Now, this is the way you want to do," said one of the men, getting on his knees on a board by the second basin and putting one hand on either side. "You keep your eyes open and put your face in and keep it there as long as you can." And, fitting action to words, he ducked his face into the water. He jumped up a few moments later, shaking his head dog fashion and sending a rain of drops all about him.

"Now you try," he resumed, but the girl merely shook her mutinous curls.

"Watch me," said the other man, plunging in his head.

"That won't do," cried the first. "You closed your eyes." And down went the wet face into the water again. Then the girl flopped down with a giggle and in went her head, popping out with a splutter a moment later, as she had made the mistake of keeping her mouth open.

While she was still kneeling, a fat man in a sweater came up on a trot, got on his knees opposite her, as though to make a proposal, bobbed up and down once or twice, with loud gasps, rose again and trotted away without a word.

The girl's hair was streaming, but she merely brushed back the drops and sat down to dry. Finding that it was not a joke but a part of the routine I took a dip. The beautiful, clear water suggests rotten eggs when one approaches. One may get as used to it in time as eels do to getting skinned, but it is not pleasant to an amateur drinker.

Fortunately, the proprietors leave a big bag of table salt on a table near by, so that one may take a pinch to get rid of the taste of sulphur.

Like the others, I allowed the water to dry without wiping, for this is a "beauty spring" when used externally, and the water should have as much chance as possible to do its work. Old residents declare that this treatment will cure all catarrhal troubles, and cite the cases of two children here this season who were respectively almost deaf

• ATRIUM OF HOTEL •

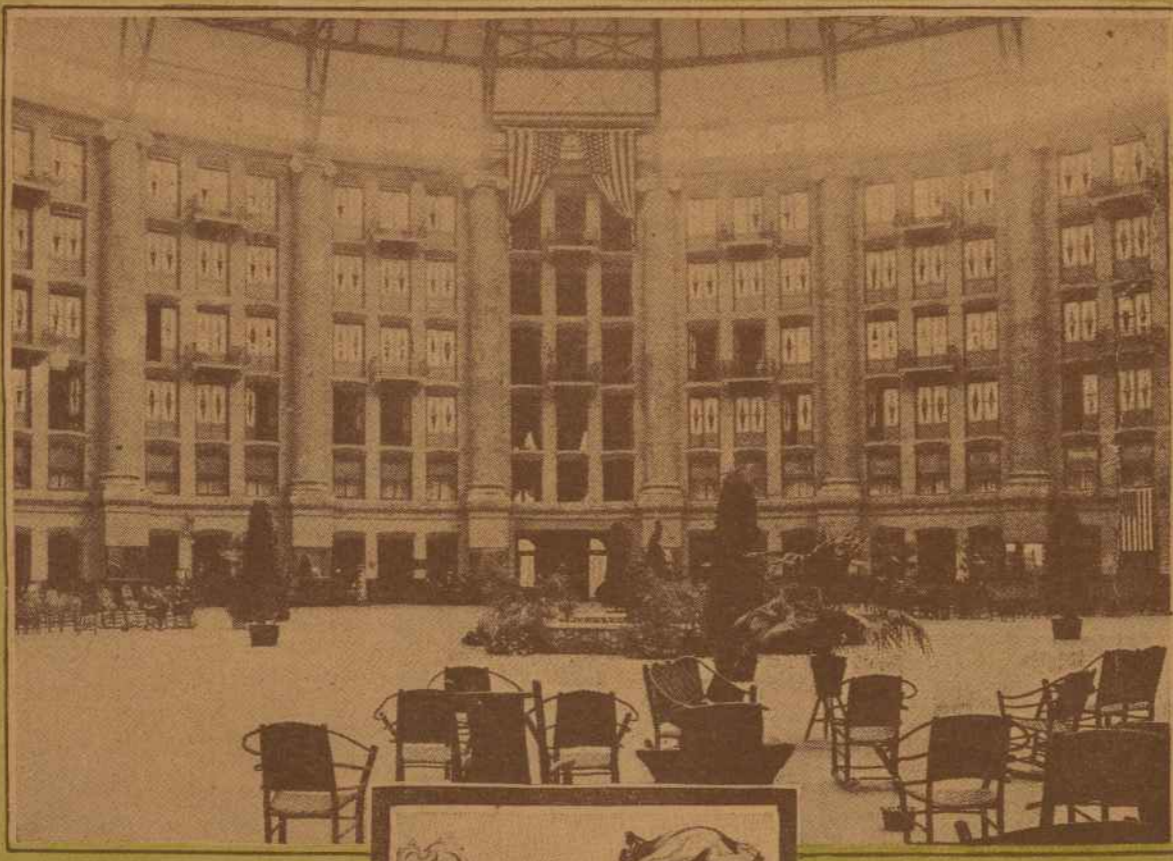
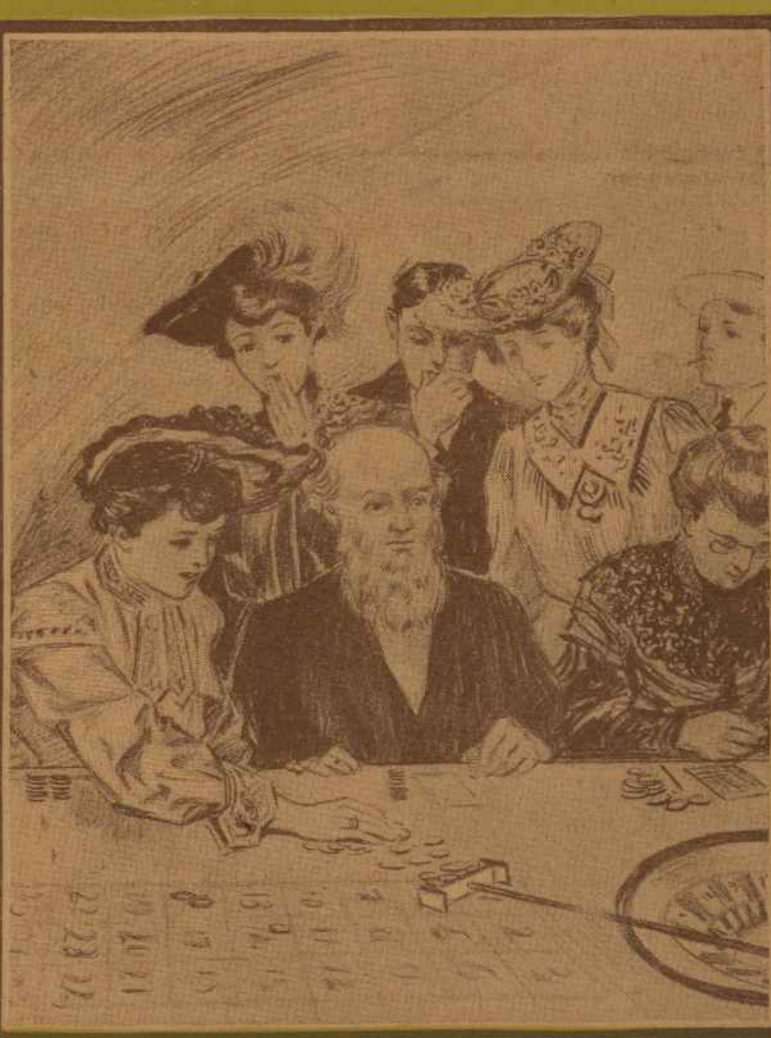


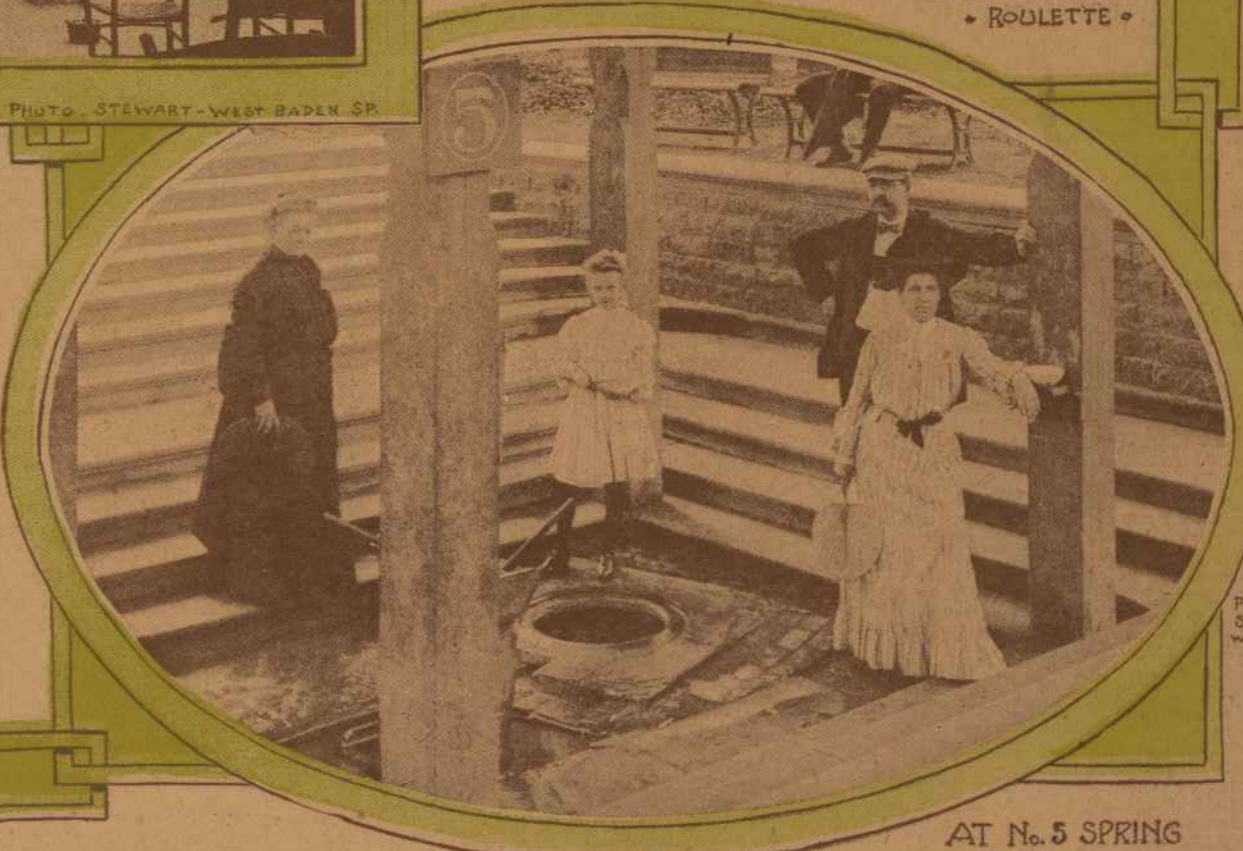
PHOTO STEWART—WEST BADEN SP.



• WORKING THE SLOT MACHINE •



• ROULETTE •



AT No. 5 SPRING

than the monstrous place at West Baden, many minor hostilities and ample facilities for gambling.

The main spring at French Lick, the Pluto, is even more famous throughout the West than any one of West Baden's. It is directly on the ground of the main hotel there, which is kept by Thomas Taggart, formerly Mayor

of Indianapolis. There are reports current of serious trouble with the flow of the Pluto spring, as the owner of neighboring property tapped the source in sinking a well.

Gymnasium for Women.

There is plenty of other exercise for visitors to West Baden. There is a fine gym-

nastium, with special hours for women who enjoy twirling on the flying trapeze or punching the bag; there is a "natatorium," or swimming pool, suggesting the one that was the centre of attraction at Hollywood, N. J., in John Hoy's lifetime, and there are enormous bowling alleys on the ground floor of the club house.

There are many expert bowlers among the feminine contingent here and they spend hours knocking down the pins. But the main attraction in the alley seems to be the long array of gambling machines. There are various kinds of these machines, but all work on the same principle—a revolving dial

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)